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JINGLES

BY

FRANK J. MEDINA

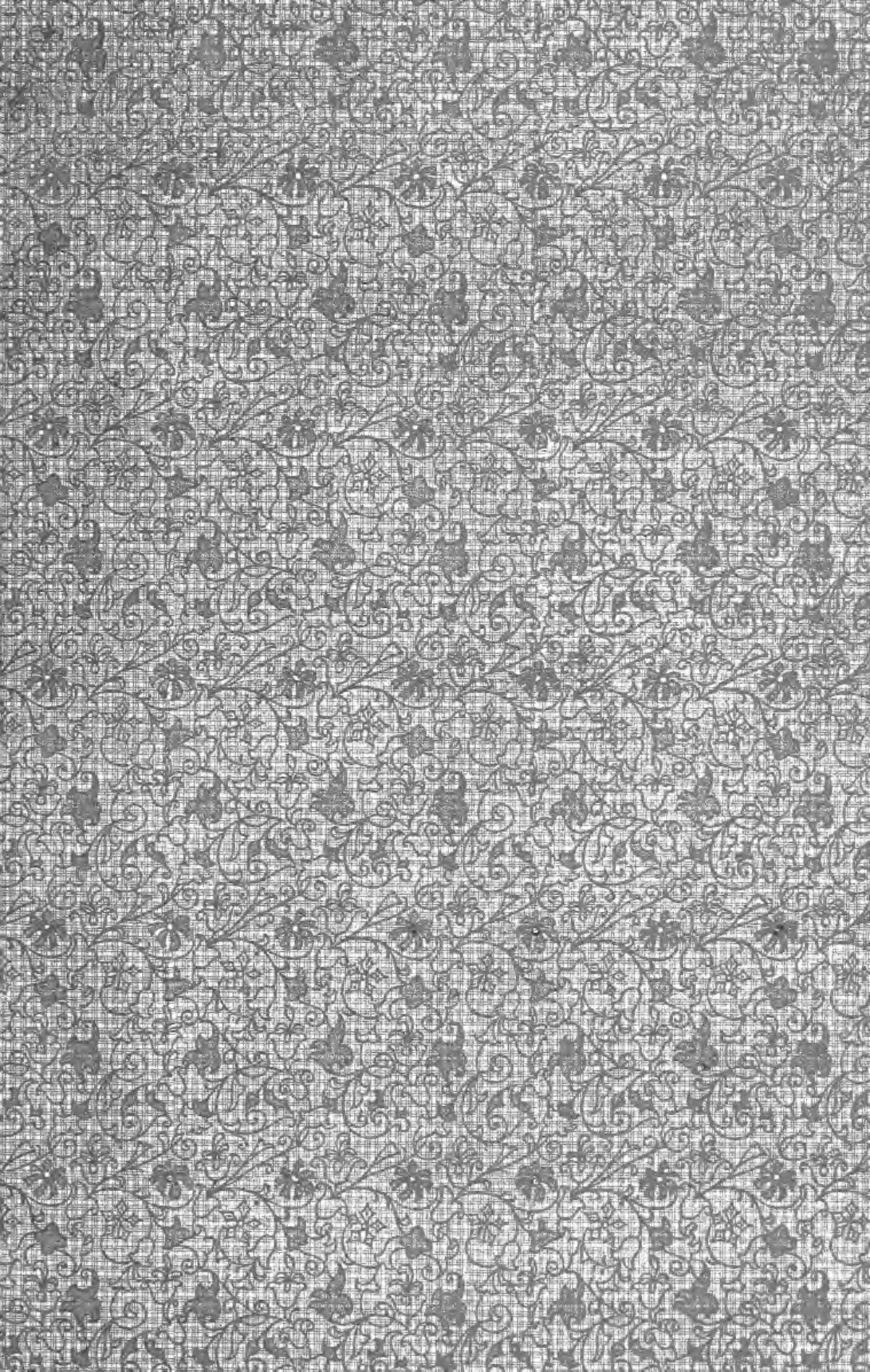


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JINGLES

By

FRANK J. MEDINA

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Frank J. Medina

My Jingles

These jingles, I present to thee,
Were written years ago by me;
Some are fair and some are not,
Some, you'll say, are simply rot;
Some's not worth the second look—
But then I had to fill the book.

Life's Reality

Gather 'round me closely and a story I'll relate
Of life in different stages—its sad and happy state—
When as a youth, before the storm and all the world is fair,
And then a man of middle-age, with nothing left but care.
Life's story has a happy hue and the world seems bright,
Yes, life is full of sunshine, we cannot see the night,
And we with hearts all filled with plans, look forward and we
 see
With eyes of hope, our future fights end in a victory.

But when the days of youth are o'er, storms gather thick and
 fast,
The happiness of childhood has vanished with the past.
Instead of all our victories and conquest to attain,
Our fight is principally in life, our daily bread to gain.
Our plans have all been shattered; castles gone to decay;
Our childhood dreams of happiness have long since passed
 away.
No sunshine now we see in life, all is grief and despair,
Our joyful dreams of former years turned to trials, toil and
 care.

In old age we look back to these things we labored after.
Sometimes it causes sorrow; sometimes it causes laughter.
Some of our best days were ill spent in joy and dissipation,
Or mayhap some mistake in life, such as missing a vocation.
Such things will hover 'round our minds when we have all
 turned gray,
But what's the use of pining for things long passed away,
For if we had the means wherewith, our lives we could relive;
We'd do the same and to these same hopes we would a
 nursing give.

Life has its joys and sorrows; its sunshine and its rain;
Its griefs and disappointments; its happiness and pain.
We struggle hard for happiness, think we have a boundless
 store,
When the monster disappointment comes knocking at the door.

Echoes from the Sea

Drifting along in my gallant craft,
Over the ocean, broad and vast.
This story of old to me is told
'Midst the roar of the sea and the creak of the mast.
Millions have I in my deep bed; millions in silver; millions in
gold;

Stones that are precious, jewels so rare;
Relics of kingdoms beyond compare.
Antiques that are centuries old.
It was echoes from the sea, whispering to me;
Echoes floating out into the air.
Stories to me told of wealth and shining gold
That are hidden in the mighty ocean there.

Then it spoke of vessels proud
That boasted their power to conquer all.
The sea with its might they'd gladly fight,,
No power on earth could make them fall,
But each brave ship, as it came their turn, gave up the fight
(if the story be true);

Gave up the fight, the echoes say;
Ne'er again will they sail so gay.
Relinquished all and sank from view.
It was echoes from the sea, whispering to me;
Echoes floating out into the air.
Stories to me told of gallant ships of old
That are hidden in the mighty ocean there.

Next it spoke of seamen gay;
Of sailors that were brave and true,
Whose boasts would be, "We sail the sea;
We sail the mighty ocean blue."
They sailed away in their gallant bark, these heroes who were
staunch and brave.

Those at home they weep and yearn
For these gallant tars who'll not return,
But sleep in a watery grave,
It was echoes from the sea, whispering to me,
Echoes floating out into the air.
Stories to me told of sailors brave and bold,
That are hidden in that mighty ocean there.

Rocky Mountains

I love to climb these hills unique,
To reach their very topmost peak,
O'er trails of a thousand thrills.
Away from the cities' pomp and noise,
Its affectation, care and joys,
Its falsehood, sham and ills.
Your mind, your thoughts to purity cleave;
There's nothing here for the make-believe
In these gorgeous Rocky Mountains.

You're filled with awe, along the trail,
When first these mighty mounts you scale
And o'er these hills you trod;
Its wall of rock will tower high
Above the clouds, toward the sky,
Like citadels of God.
Its sepulchral silence—naught is heard
Save the call of the beast, the song of the bird
And the wind in the trees of the mountains.

But soon you love—almost revere
Those massive heights the first you fear;
That stand out there alone.
The air, exhilarant and pure,
Castles of rock that will ever endure;
Those mighty walls of stone
In colors of red and gray and blue,
Of green and brown and every hue,
These beautiful Rocky Mountains.

You know there's a God (when you're up there
With nothing above but sky and air)
That made those rocks you stand on.
Surely there's an Omnipotent Power,
Who built these hills that tower and tower,
Beyond the too-far horizon;
Created these peaks and canons grand,
Constructed these rocks of granite and sand,
These majestic Rocky Mountains.

You feel your unimportance here,
Up on top of earth's great sphere,
Standing there alone
You see how little man can do
When these scenes burst upon your view,
From out the great unknown;
He only can scratch at its treasures untold,
He never can gather a tithe of the gold
From the wonderful Rocky Mountains.

Out of the rocks, from God knows where,
Water springs to life up there,
From the sides of these eminent mounts;
Rushes down from these old hills,
Down o'er the rocks and sands to the rills,
Out of these mighty founts;
Down through the gorge, over the brakes,
Through creeks and rivers and on to the lakes,
In these amazing Rocky Mountains.

Amid these scenes that's most sublime
The poet will burst into rhyme,
The sculptor molds his clay;
The layman shouts his admiration,
The artist feels his inspiration,
The author writes his play
Of tragedy, romance, tales that thrill
In these beautiful canons and wonderful hills,
Of these marvelous Rocky Mountains.

Love Will Find the Way

Though oceans divide, apart they roam,
True love will contrive to find its own;
In darkest night or cloudy day,
True love will delight to find the way.
You can't stop its course or bar its route,
Love surely will force its own way out;
It will come to all, it's always gay,
In hovel or hall, it finds its way.

Love at Dawn

The fields are full of flowers,
The sky is very blue;
In these bright morning hours
I'm thinking, love, of you.
If I, with love and laughter,
Could drive away your tears,
I'd chance the whole hereafter
Eternity of years.

Life offers us but little,
So little we can lose;
My patience you but nettle
When you my love refuse;
Our happiness may vanish
Before the sun will set;
Would you our pleasure banish
And live but to regret?

Who Was the Fool?

A fool there was, so the story goes,
Who fell in love with some feminine clothes,
And a bit of a bone and a hank of hair,
That's known as the woman that did not care;
But a fool must follow his natural bent,
So it wasn't long 'fore his goods were spent.
When he was stripped to his foolish hide
It naturally followed she threw him aside,
But memory of happiness still survived—
So some of him lived, if most of him died.

A wise man, too, whom everyone knows,
Once fell in love with some feminine clothes
And a bit of a bone and a hank of hair,
That's known as the woman who did not care,
That the fool had called his lady fair;
But the man of wisdom—he did not dare,
Though he loved as much, his will was strong;
He knew the world would say 'twas wrong,
And say it as though they were sincere,
To love this woman who had a career.
Then she must go, or the world would scoff
If they knew of his love, so he cast her off.
He lived alone and he soon grew rich,
For he hadn't been tarred by the vampire's pitch.
To himself he said, he was doing right,
Though he craved for her love both day and night—
'Twas then he sought, as he but knows,
For the one he loved in those feminine clothes,
And the hank of hair and the bit of bone
That had gone her way and left him alone,
For she had pride and she'd never forgive—
He never died—for he never did live;
He had bowed to the world, had been its tool—
Who was the wise man and who was the fool?

Alone

It's queer how the seasons affect us sometimes,
And how incidents turn our attention to rhymes,
How sentiment (foolish as most superstition),
Seem very sane under certain conditions.

So when one's alone at this time of year,
How gloomy we feel when the holiday's here;
We think that our life is not worth the living
And forget to give thanks on the day of Thanksgiving.

Perchance, when we dine, if it be alone,
We'll crave for the place that we love to call home.
Be angry because other people are glad
While enjoying the pleasures we often have had.

We should think of the blessings we have even now,
And be thankful for life and for health, anyhow;
Be thankful we have our bread and our meat,
There's many poor creatures have nothing to eat.

It's queer that in most every case we forget
To give thanks for our many blessings—and yet
Unless we have all that our hearts have desired,
We're ungrateful for that which we have acquired.

There's always something we wish to obtain,
Or something we've lost that we want to regain;
Some hope that has vanished, some love that has flown
And taught us the meaning of that word, alone.

Pleading Suitor

Give me the love, the love I crave
Or else refuse—don't bid me wait.
Give or refuse; refusal I can brave
But not suspense; you only hesitate.

"It's All Been Done Before"

There are many things in this world
To aggravate a man,
And upset almost everything
That he will try and plan.

He will build castles in the air,
Have prospects by the score,
When everything's complete he'll find
Some one's done it before.

He'll think that he's original,
But ere long he will know
The same thing has been done before—
Yes, many years ago.

The author of the novel
Tries to think of something new;
The poet with his lyre,
The same thing tries to do.

The musical composer
Wants something odd and queer;
When they think they are original,
Find they've an old idea.

The actor tells a funny joke,
But don't say any more,
When he finds an actor told it
That was there the week before.

So this thing will continue;
New things are seldom found,
And history will repeat itself
While the world goes 'round.

But with all of Adam's trouble,
No one could make him sore
By saying, when he did a thing,
It had been done before.

Boarder's Soliloquy

(A Parody)

To board or not to board? That is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler for mind and stomach
To suffer pains of outrageous hunger
Or get thee to a hasherie in the city,
And there to masticate tough meat and pie crust,
To eat, to consume stale eggs, to say we end
The stomach ache and thousand shocks
That flesh is heir to in a boarding house.
To eat, to sleep; perchance to dream; aye, there's the rub,
For in that sleep what nightmare dreams may come;
When we have conquered our dyspepsia
And sought repose upon our bed of corncocks
That makes a burden of our righteous life.
Who could bear this tantor without demur?
The oppressing wrong of the boarding-house mistress,
The pangs of a dyspeptic stomach,
The insolence of the landlady's daughter,
The stale jokes of her fat husband,
The squalls of her sister's baby,
The whistling of her ten-year-old son,
The vocalization of the lady in the next room,
The violent piano exercise of the widow boarder,
When we might seek another place? aye, there's the respect,
Why leave this bedlam, to which no boarder e'er returns?
Puzzles the will and makes us rather bear these ills we have,
Than fly to those we know not of.
Thus hunger makes cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And gallantry that strikes us for the moment
Is shattered, and in this respect
We lose the name of action.

The Ticking of the Clock

Far from friends and comrades,
Far away from home,
None to cheer my loneliness
As I sit here alone.
For me there is no cheerful voice,
There's no familiar knock;
All that breaks the silence
Is the ticking of the clock.

Ah! what memory comes to me
With that clock ticking there;
It has ticked away our joy;
It will tick away our care.
First, when a little infant,
With instinct shrewd and quick,
I said, "Papa, let me listen
To the tick, tick, tick."

As a boy, quite full of mischief,
By teacher called a fool,
I'd watch the old clock on the wall
To let me out of school.
Later, as a youth when courting,
The maid who had my heart,
When I'd hear the clock strike ten,
It meant, "Young man, depart."

Next, as a broker, I have watched
The rise and fall of stock;
A fortune lost, another gained,
To the ticking of the clock.
Now that I am old and gray,
With Heaven alone to gain;
Life's voyage nearly ended,
That old clock ticks the same.

It ticked through all my sorrow,
It ticked through all my strife,
It ticked through my prosperity,
It ticks away my life.
It ticked when I was healthy,
It ticked when I was sick;
All through life I've always heard
That tick, tick, tick.

There it stands a-ticking,
Ticking night and day;
Ticking us along through life—
Ticking life away.
These memories now hang o'er me,
As I sit here by myself
And listen to the ticking
Of the clock upon the shelf.

Loneliness

Loneliness is not a pain,
But a feeling that one can't explain;
A sort of a downcast silent regret,
Or a longing for something we can not get.
A feeling of sorrow, then "don't care,"
A little encouragement, then despair;
A wish for something we had before
That's passed away to return no more.
A selfish sympathy, one's melancholy,
Then tries to cheer up and wants to be jolly.
Next, we're lost in a reverie,
The joys of life we can not see.
Keep building castles in the air,
'Till finally one thinks he's a millionaire—
Then we suddenly awake to realize
We're living on earth and not in the skies.

Forget yourself and move about,
And loneliness will soon "clear out."

Who?

Who lights the stars that twinkle at night?
Who makes the snow so pure and white?
Who makes the heat, the cold, the air?
Who makes the flowers with beauty so rare?
Who makes the winter wind fiercely blow?
Who makes the water to ebb and flow?
Who makes the hills and valleys so grand?
Who makes the sky, the sea and the land?
Who makes the night? Who makes the day?
Who cheers the traveler on his way?
Who fills the mountains with silver and gold?
Who (when the traveler is weary and old)
Opens the gates, when no more we can roam,
And bids us to enter our Heavenly home?

Going, Going, Gone

Where are you going, my dear young man?
"I'm going," he said, "to the prairie land."
What do you mean, are you going out West?
"I am," he replied, as he pulled down his vest.
What will you do there, my dear young man?
"I'll make my fortune, you understand."

(Two years later—moral.)

My dear young man, how do you do?
Why, it's most two years since I saw you.
I really commenced to think you were dead;
Oh! you were going West, I believe you said.
Well, to be candid, you're looking sad,
And I must say that your clothes look bad.
It's the same old hat I saw before,
Your coat, I see, is somewhat tore.
In the knee of your pants another tear,
And your shoes, they look the "worse for wear,"
And what in the world became of your vest?
The young man said, "I've been out West."

Small Town Hotel

A bed, a washstand, a lamp and a chair,
An old broken comb to dress your hair;
Patch on mirror, crack to hide,
Room that's nearly six feet wide.
Carpet covering half the floor,
Towel you'll see done service before.
When you want to retire, blow out the light,
Jump into bed and say, "Good-night."
Don't mind the rats if they nibble your toes,
Report at the office when you lose your clothes;
There's often in soup a small hair pin—
But don't mind that, just scramble in.
Next, they'll serve you cornbeef hash
Flavored with the cook's mustache.
If in pie there's button or rim of hat
Don't worry, they charge nothing extra for that.
Rates are only three dollars a day,
If you want water, by the way,
It's found in the yard where a well they've sunk.
There's no place for your clothes, so you live in your trunk.
Lots of light, don't want any more,
All comes from the transom over the door.
All the advantages one can't tell
That's found in the good small town hotel.

The Sea of Life

Smoothly we sail o'er life's mighty sea,

Our pleasant delusion, or rather our dream,
Is a picture of joy that is to be.

Ah! life, yes life, is all serene.

We shout and laugh as we sail along

And as echo returns from o'er the way
Like a mermaid's song

In warning tone, it seems to say:

Laugh on, ye fool, for you can't laugh long;

Even now there's a cloud in sight.

As it passes the sun you'll change your song,

And life will not be near so bright.

Then we look about through the bright blue sky.

There's no cloud there that we can see.

We ridicule the mermaid's cry

And drink long life and prosperity.

Then the sea grows rough, and our frail bark

Is tossed about in the ocean foam.

The cloud has raised, the sky grows dark,

We are struggling away alone;

We struggle and fight to the very last.

Our ship of life is tempest tossed,

And ere the Golden Harbor's passed

Our life is spent, our joy is lost.

So this is life that we are given!

For me, I'll simply heave a sigh

And say that it's not worth the living,

And nurse the thought that we must die.

Songs of Long Ago

Deep in my heart I cherish memories of the past,
And think of happy moments that have flown away so fast;
I see again the old homestead and my mother dear
Seated by the fireside in her old armchair.
When the springtime flowers bloomed and sweet fragrance
filled the air,
When the song of joyous birds made all the world seem fair,
She'd take me on her knee and in accent sweet and low,
She'd sing me many pretty songs—sweet songs of long ago.
When I left home and mother, I was but a lad,
To go and battle with the world, it made her poor heart sad;
The struggle was a hard one, ere I a fortune earned,
But mother dear had passed away when homeward I returned.
For what had been my struggle, and the money I had saved?
With all I could not call her back from the cold, cold grave.
The memory of my childhood days came back to me again,
I prayed to hear the old, old songs, but prayer was all in vain.

My Lady Fair

My lady loves the poems that are old;
No verse or art she calls complete
Unless for many golden ducats sold
And in addition quite antique.
I want your praise, I want your approbation;
To earn it I most anything would try,
But we will likely have an altercation
If to obtain your favor I must die.

That's My Beau

A great big fellow,
Loves a gun;
Always laughing,
Full of fun.
Plays at billiards
And at pool;
Also poker,
Always cool.
Likes theaters,
Loves a race;
Knows the deuce
From the ace.
Spends his money
Left and right;
Boys say,
"He's out of sight."
Helps a friend
Who's in distress,
Cheers them
In their loneliness.
"Hail-fellow-well-met"
Sort of way.
Always happy,
Always gay.
Handsome features,
Eyes that glow;
Splendid figure,
That's my beau.

Lawyer Taffy and Dr. Pill

There are two distinguished gentlemen,
Who are very easily found;
They inhabit every borough,
Every village, city and town.
One will slowly take your life,
The other draws your will;
But the people all write to praise
Lawyer Taffy and Dr. Pill.

You think yourself in trouble,
The lawyer you must see;
But ere he imparts advice
There's the retainer fee.
The amount will always vary,
According to your pile;
Ten dollars makes him crabbed—
Ten thousand makes him smile.

You have a little headache,
For the doctor you will send;
He'll drive up to your domicile
And to you he will pretend
Your case is very serious;
He'll have to call next day—
Then these visits will continue
As long as you can pay.

So the lawyer and the doctor
Are very much the same,
And while the world continues
I suppose they will remain.
They leave us in our happiness,
But when we have our ills,
The lawyer gives us taffy
And the doctor gives us pills.

The Old and New

The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket,
That hangs in the well.

A beautiful song is "The Old Oaken Bucket,"
The old oaken bucket that hangs in the well;
It's pleasing in verse and in sentiment, too,
But to moss-covered buckets we've long bid farewell.
Old oaken buckets, all covered with moss,
No doubt were quite nice in their day;
But now all we want of the moss or the bucket,
Is to hear it in some minstrel lay.

Give us the pitcher of silver and gold,
Containing ice water, refreshing and cold;
We love the new pitcher; we know it is clean;
Not buried in mud, worn mossy and green.
Who wants the old bucket? It's gone with its time,
Remembered alone by the bard in his rhyme;
So we'll sing to the new and not to the old—
Give us the pitcher of silver and gold.

Away with the bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket,
The hangs in the well.
Give us the pitcher,
The golden-bound pitcher,
The bright silver pitcher—
To buckets farewell.

Little Life

Little infants,
 Little toys;
Little playmates,
 Little boys.
Little falsehood,
 Little truth;
Little studious,
 Little youth.
Little dancing,
 Little life;
Little courting,
 Little wife.
Little happy,
 Little gay;
Little sorrow,
 Little gray.
Little aged,
 Little bent,
Little tottering,
 Life near spent.
Little aching,
 Little sore;
Little sickness,
 Life is o'er.

My Wife

What? You ask me if I'm happy
Up here in my mountain home?
Why, stranger, trouble's a thing
That I have never known.
I'm happy as a chipmunk,
Or the little mountain squirrel;
For my wife in yonder cabin
Is the sweetest kind of a girl.

Our home I know ain't handsome,
It's a little bit out of repairs;
But, you see, we folks in the mountains
Ain't them what put on airs.
I'm happier than them fellows
What carry a walking stick,
And live down there in the city
In a great big house of brick.

Neighbors? No, there ain't many,
But them what we have are good.
If any of us was ever sick
I know they'd do all they could.
Why you folks down in the city
Just dread this mountain life,
While I! I'm the happiest man alive,
Up here with my little wife.

Maybe she's not a beauty,
But she's as good as she can be;
She ain't so well educated,
But I tell you, she just suits me.
I can't express my feelings;
Fine words I can't recall,
But there's just this much about it—
I love her—that's all.

The School House on the Plain

'Tis not far from the foothills
Of the Rocky Mountain range,
There stands a quaint old school house,
Withered, odd and strange.
Without a thought you'd pass it by,
For it stands off from the lane;
So it is but few who notice
That old school house on the plain.

To this structure there's no beauty,
But this thought came to me;
To how many little children
Has it taught the A, B, C.
Ah! how many must be thankful
For instructions that they gain,
Within that old and rustic room
Of the school house on the plain.

'Tis not alone the children
Who its benefits enjoy,
For we see among its scholars
The typical cowboy;
The young, the old, the rich and poor,
All manage to obtain
A little education
At the school house on the plain.

The Actor's Farewell

The actor stood with his only love,
Alone by the foaming sea;
Breathing vows of affection,
Devotion and constancy.
The season, it had opened,
Long months she'd have to wait;
For the company's out for forty weeks,
From Maine to the Golden Gate.

To his darling little Katie,
In confidence he has told;
From the state of California
He will steal the Gate of Gold
(For his purse it is not heavy);
Then he also will have time
To pick up the Free Silver
In the Colorado clime.

He whispers then a last "good-bye."
He will return with the June bug.
Then with a kiss and loving sigh,
They took their parting hug.

(The following June—The Actor's return.)

Shoes all gone; clothes all torn;
Actor now feels quite forlorn.
Life's a pest, needs a rest,
Had to walk from way out West.
Watch in soak, heart is broke,
Plans have vanished just like smoke;
Katie's pet, busted yet,
Couldn't buy a cigarette.
People slow, got no go,
A good actor they don't know;
Have to work like a Turk,
No more acting—dry goods clerk.

That's My Wife

Rich brown hair,
Amber eyes;
Angel fit
For paradise.
Helpmate
Where trouble's rife,
Guides me through
The busy strife.
Ruby lips,
Angelic form;
Pretty hands,
Soft and warm.
Disposition
That's superb,
Always has
A gentle word.
Sweetest smiles
That cheer my life.
Rosy cheeks—
That's my wife.

That's My Pa

Always stern,
Likes no fun;
Sits and reads
When home he'll come.
Says the light
Is awful dim;
Tells me not
To bother him.
Smokes his pipe,
Don't say a word;
Says boys should be seen,
Not heard.
Makes me go
To bed at eight,
While he and ma
Both sit up late.
Looks at me
So awfully grave;
Tells me that
I must behave.
Thinks of no one
'Cepting ma.
Oh! he's cranky—
That's my pa.

Escaped from the Law

(In Three Acts)

ACT I—COMEDY

They started out all bright and gay,
The circuit they were going to play;
The manager to each man said—
"We're dated forty weeks ahead;
Next week we play at Omaha,
With our great play, 'Escaped from the Law.' "

ACT II—ROMANCE

At Omaha you hear folks tell,
Actors came to a hotel,
Hung their lithographs all around,
Played to empty seats and jumped the town;
Left their trunks all filled with straw,
And that same night escaped from the law.

ACT III—PATHOS

Everything seems to go wrong;
Actors' shoes are almost gone.
Trudging down the track alone,
A thousand miles away from home;
Counting ties the last we saw
Of the company called, "Escaped from the Law."

(Curtain)

The Wild and Woolly West

You call us wild—just tell me why;
'Cause we look sort of rough?
You'll find the boys in this here camp
A good long ways from tough.
We got no use for lawyers;
Judge Lynch we all respect,
But no one needs to fear the Judge
If he carries hisself correct.

There was that man Tim Haskins—
Tim you know's a scamp—
Well, he took us for tenderfoots
And tried to run the camp.
Joe Grant took objections, then
'Fore anyone could tell,
Haskins knifed him through the heart
And struck him again as he fell.

That set our blood to biling;
We were sore as we could be.
We dragged Tim to yon canon
And strung him to a tree.
You'll see him as you're passing;
He's near the road down there—
Unless he's served as dinner
For wolves or grizzly bear.

Now, back East this ain't justice,
But as like as like can be,
If Tim had got a court trial
The jury would have set him free.
We don't want no law like that,
So when a man's a pest
We hook him to the nearest tree,
In the wild and woolly West.

Our Last Goodnight

"Goodnight! goodnight!" Our last "goodnight!"

To some these words seem sad,
But in this case they're quite the reverse;

They seem to make us glad.
Our hearts they are not heavy,
No tears to dim our sight.
'Tis with a kiss and loving smile
We breathe our last "goodnight."

We speak again, our last "goodnight,"
And seal it with a kiss.
We've parted—yes, we've parted,
Yet both are filled with bliss.
Our last "goodnight" we've whispered,
And yet our hearts are light.
A fond embrace, a loving kiss
And then we said "goodnight."

You think it strange we're happy,
Yet the world ne'er seemed so bright,
And though she's all the world to me,
We said our last "goodnight."
These sad words I have whispered
To the one that I adore,
But tomorrow is our wedding day;
We'll say "goodnight" no more.

Her Gentleman Friend

He's tall, handsome; eyes of blue;
Her gentleman friend.
A careless swing, but his heart is true,
Her gentleman friend.
Every night at the hour of eight
She'll lightly trip to the garden gate,
And there with throbbing heart await
Her gentleman friend.

She'll calmly gaze through the dewy night
For her gentleman friend.
Then down the lane who dawns in sight?
Her gentleman friend.
As he comes near her eyes they glow;
Their hearts with love now overflow.
Who says he loves this little girl so?
Her gentleman friend.

Whose mellow voice has a silvery tone?
Her gentleman friend.
Who tells her he loves her alone?
Her gentleman friend.
Who, with a kiss and a fond caress,
Asks her his future life to bless?
To whom does she softly answer "yes"?
Her gentleman friend.

"I's Oo Boy"

I hug him closely to my breast,
I smooth his golden curls.
I'm happy when I'm with him,
And proud as any earl.
When I ask, "Whose boy are you?"
He'll drop his little toy,
And running to my arms will cry,
"I's oo boy."

See his eyes jump with delight
When he is on my knee;
The world is full of sunshine
Since he has come to me.
My happiness is quite complete,
My peace none could destroy,
When I hear his sweet lips murmur,
"I's oo boy."

He is just sixteen months old;
He can say "Mama;"
Rub his eyes when sleepy
And just lisp, "Papa."
As he bears us these little words
It fills our hearts with joy.
This is all he knows, except,
"I's oo boy."

'Twas Not To Be

I've been thinking of the many things
That's happened since we met;
Of the many, many happy days
That I will not forget.
With my sweetheart in the mountains
And out upon the plain,
In the country and the city,
In the sunshine and the rain.
Thinking of the kisses stolen
And the kisses you returned,
The latter, dear, upon my lips,
Indelibly are burned.
Thinking, dear, of love's sweet nothings
We'd to each other say,
And how we'd sit in silence,
Holding hands 'most every day,
Thinking of the happiness we've had
'Till now I can not see
Another girl in all the world
That looks so good to me,
As my sweetheart in the country,
Who stole from me my heart.
And then the cruel hour arrived—
The time we had to part.

But what's the use of talking,
I know those days have past.
They say that there is happiness
That is too good to last.
We all must have our troubles;
Each must have their share,
And each in turn believes their own
The hardest ones to bear.
So, thinking of the past, tonight,
And of the present too,
With all my love I fear that I
Was never meant for you.

Truth

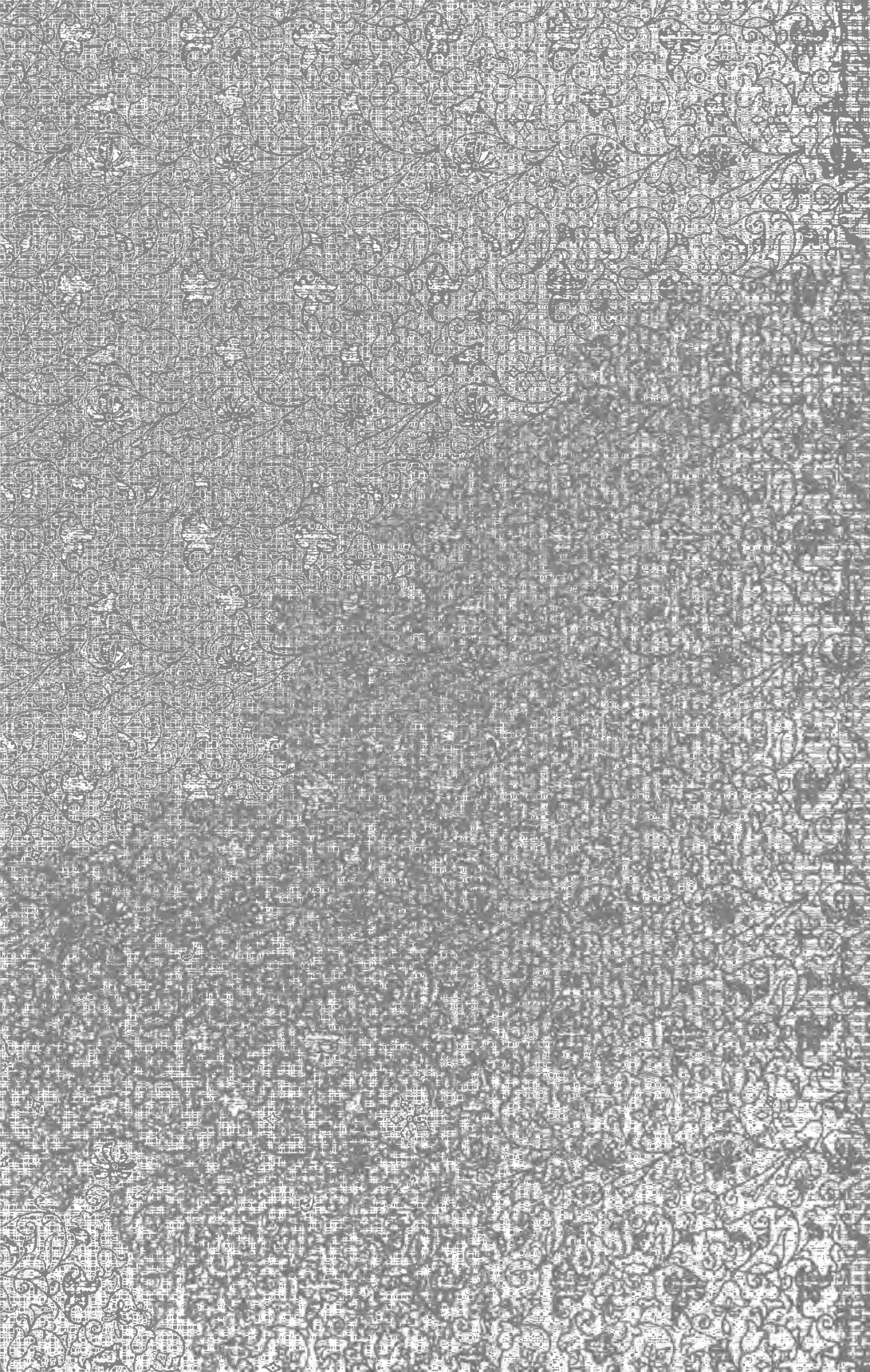
If in life you would succeed,
Start in early youth;
To this warning now pay heed
Always speak the truth.
Let others do what e'er they may;
In your dealings it will pay
To have your neighbors gladly say,
You always speak the truth.

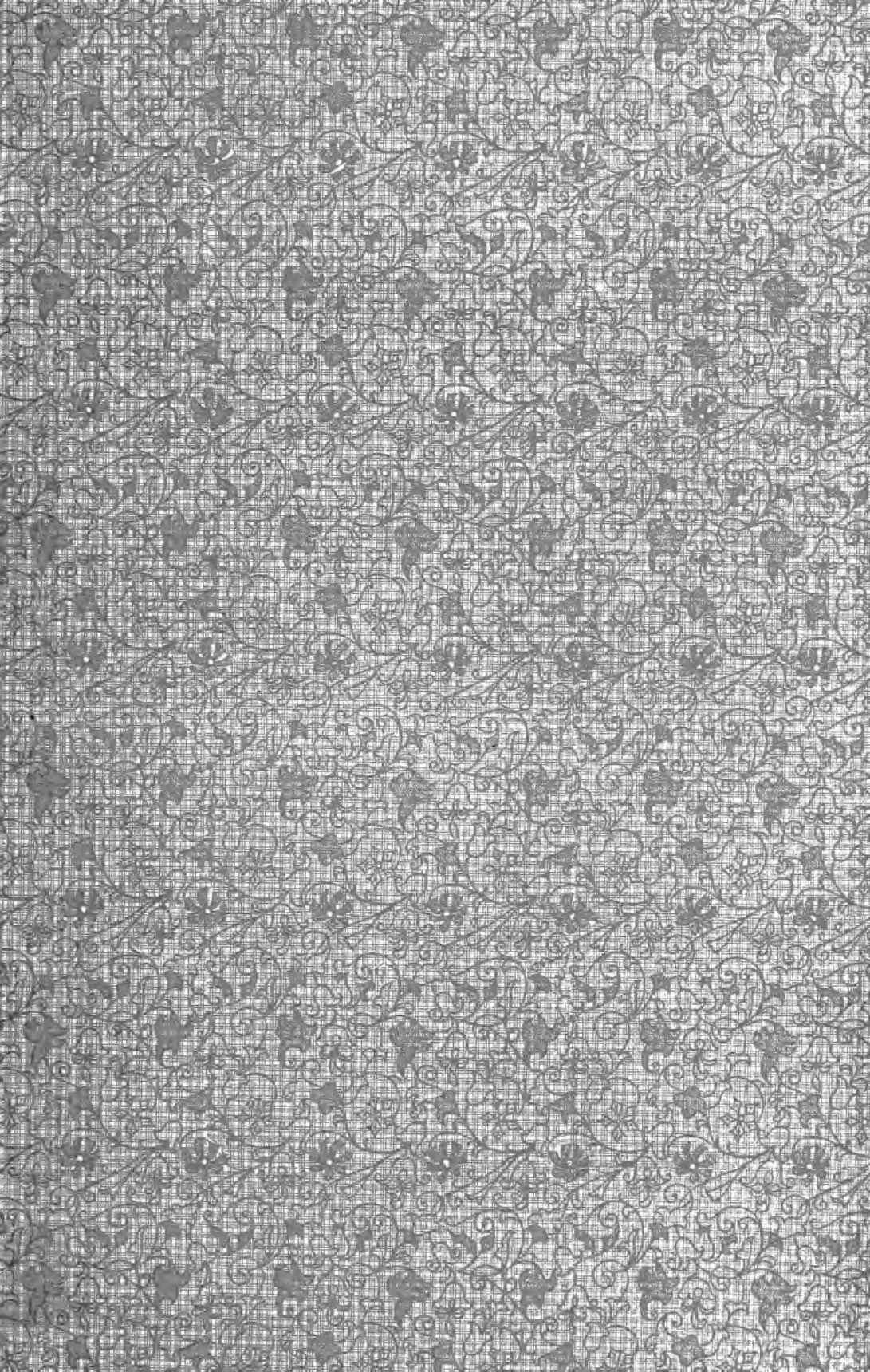
It's your one great asset, boy,
Do not be deterred
By temptation to deny a truth
You've said or heard.
So be sure, keep this in view;
Always be exact and true,
And no matter what you do,
Never break your word.

Parting

Tonight we part forever, though it fills my heart with pain;
Love's ties tonight you sever, my cup of joy you drain.
Pondering o'er the past I weep—no smiles for me you've
shown;
Where roses grew now dark weeds creep, and I am sad and
lone.

Though tonight we part, I shed no tears, so strange to you
'twill seem,
That I think of departed years and all that might have been;
Of happy days and faded flowers, of a heart that once was
true;
Of joyful and dreary hours as I bid you, my love, adieu.





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